

COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost "

Vol. VII. St. Joseph's College, January 27, 1915. No. 9.

Senior Game, 20 -- 17.

A snappy game of basket ball was enjoyed by most of the students at Rensselaer on the afternoon of Jan. 18. The teams were picked from the senior list, and all the participants played like old-timers, giving the lower classmen an opportunity to pick up some useful hints. The teams were pretty evenly matched, as the score of 20 - 17 goes to prove. Considering the lack of practice the team work of both sides was commendable.

Lineup:

Galvin	RF	Seyfried
Hunt	LF	Schmidt
Hellen	C	Wachs
McLaughlin	RG	Breen
Wolf, Fogarty	LG	VanderHaagen

Referee:- Bruin.

Junior Game, 18 -- 14.

The older men of the junior league played a fast and classy game in the new gym on Monday, Jan. 18th. Although both teams had difficulty in locating the basket in the first half, they managed in the second to run the score up to 18 - 14, McGahey's quintette leading when the whistle blew.

Lineup:

McGahey	RF	O'Meara
Koenig	LF	Daley
Striff	C	Loughrey
Antl	RG	Ryan
Kovasckitz	LG	Maher

III Com. vs. III Latins, 8-5.

On Saturday, Jan. 16th, a game of basketball was indulged in by two teams chosen from the III Commercials and the III Latins. Fast and earnest playing featured in this game, showing that both teams were desirous of winning. In the first half excellent playing by the guards of both teams held the score to almost nothing, but in the second the Com. guards relaxed their vigilance sufficiently to allow the Latins to win out by a neat margin.

Lineup:

Com.		Latins
Galvin	RF	McCaffrey
		Seyfried
Thieme	LF	Schmidt
Wachs	C	Hellen
Mueller	RG	McLaughlin
Wolf	LG	Breen

Referee:- Haley.

A. A. Meetings.

The Athletic Association held its second regular meeting for the election of officers Sunday morning. The following were elected: Benedict Burger, Pres., Otto Keller, Sec., George Pohlman, Treas.

The Athletic Association met again Sunday, the 24th. to elect a Board of Appropriations for the coming term. The following were elected to constitute the new Board: Bruin, Schall, Ricks, Schellinger, Silverstein, and Beck.

The Juniors of the Athletic Association met Saturday evening to elect a Junior Basketball manager. Joseph Wonderly was elected, but could not accept. James Stewart who received the next highest number of votes was therefore declared manager.

WHICH IS YOUR WAITER?

Row I waiter says, "No more spuds." This spells self-preservation, and this waiter will probably live to a ripe old age.

Row II waiter says, "May I bring you another bowl of potatoes?" This shows wisdom, and his visions of an Easter tip may be realized.

Row III waiter, "I'll try to get another dish of spuds " This is undeniable proof of will ngness, and if he keeps on, he may make a II row waiter someday.

Row IV waiter, "Don't ask me whether there are any more spuds or not, ask the cook " Which statement plainly shows ignorance. and we justly doubt if he will ever succeed in life.

German Composition Writing.

Many amusing things, which are often at the same time quite tragical, occur daily in Collegeville. Among these surely the writing of a German composition, in the case of most students, deserves a place. If anyone doubts that there is terrible mental agony and strain sufficient to make a tragedy of it let him try to write such a composition. If he doubts that it can be a comedy all he needs to do is simply to watch the antics of one engaged in the task.

Perhaps the poor fellow has studied the German tongue for four, five, or even six years — the time makes little difference — his vocabulary is almost as limited as the empty places at meal time at a picnic dinner. If he comes from a German home he may know a few words, but then the awful job of getting the right endings! If he is not of German descent, but perhaps an Irishman or a Frenchman, he is simply "up against it." About the only words he can conjure up are such common ones as "der Schnee" and "der Teufel;" but he's got to form his words into sentences, and what connection is there between "der Schnee" and "der Teufel?"

He begins by laying on his desk all the German books of every description from which there is the least possibility of securing aid. Such a collection is usually found to contain both a large and a small dictionary, at least two or three different grammars, and above all a copy of "Till Eulenspiegel."

After securing a subject — itself a difficult task — he hurriedly looks through all his books for some word. If he doesn't find it there, surely it must be somewhere on the wall, the ceiling, the floor. Maybe it is even hidden in the rubber of his pencil; at any rate he chews at that savagely. He runs his hands through his hair, bites his fingernails, quickly crosses his legs and as quickly uncrosses them, looks at the face of the clock in the hope that its face might reveal something. But no, he hopes and searches in vain; the word is nowhere to be found.

Ah! a thought suddenly enters his mind! That friend of his who came from Germany a couple years ago can tell him that word: besides, he is just chuck full of other German words which will look fine upon paper. Soon his pencil is racing back and forth furiously across a sheet of good paper, ornamenting it with awkwardly written German characters. After a few mistakes have purposely been made to prevent the work from being too perfect, it is a fairly presentable composition,

and the professor will be surprised at the progress some members of his class are making.

Resolved:

THAT THE FLY IS A GREATER PEST THAN THE BEDBUG.

In proving this momentous question I will take two things into consideration; first, I will prove that the fly is more numerous than the bedbug, and second, that the bedbug is more of a gentleman than the fly.

It can easily be seen that the fly is more numerous than the bedbug. Everyone has seen a swarm of flies in summer; but a person who has seen a swarm of bedbugs flying around is indeed a "rara avis." A fly has vast productive powers. In fact, a fly lays so many eggs a day that it has come under the observation of men of great genius. During the recent famine "hen fruit" cost so much that some bright mind conceived the idea of grafting a fly to a chicken. If this experiment is successful we will have another millionaire in America, called the "Egg King." If any one doubts that there are many flies, just let him try to take a nap on the side porch some sunny afternoon in summer. After he has vainly tried to hit a few he will be almost ready to swear there are several hundred of them in that one spot.

Furthermore, a fly is no gentleman. What is it that lights on our ice cream or drops into our beer when we turn our back? Is it a bedbug? No, it is not. A bedbug is too much of a gentleman. It is the obnoxious fly. After going around the streets and tasting manure and rotten carrion, he flies right in and sits on the food we want to eat. When there are flies in the room no one can sleep. A fly can make you miserable by his infernal buzzing in your ear.

How different is the bedbug. He has the instincts of a true gentleman. The bedbug does not convey germs from one object to another as the fly does. Some might say: "Yes, but a bedbug bites and sucks your blood." This is true, but just think in what a gentlemanly manner he does it. While you are quietly sleeping he will crawl in and gently, lest he waken you, inject his bill and take a satisfying draught.

It is not to be denied that the scar left by the bedbug is annoying. But what of that? After we have been visited by this little insect we are healthier. The bedbug draws off some of the vitiated blood from our gorged veins, thuswise relieving them. The fly has nothing in his favor.

COLLEGE CHEER

Published Semi-monthly by the Cheer Pub. Co

5c per copy. 75c per year. \$1.00 by mail.

LEO BECK, Managing Editor,
OTTO KELLER, Secretary,
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Address: College Cheer, Collegeville, Ind.

Public Sale

Sat., Jan. 30th, 1915.

The undersigned, intending to protest against all long sleeps in the future, which will necessitate his absence at college, will sell at public sale on college campus at two o'clock on the above mentioned date the following personal property:

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Two fine hand-painted bobsleds with self starter attachment.

Brand new dug cistern, rust proof; not to be moved till settled for.

Also many other articles which may have been missed from desks.

TERMS—Strictly cash (bookkeeping currency only accepted.)

JAMES SHOVELYNSKI,
JOHN KUHN,
Auctioneer.



Weger (in restaurant) — Say, waiter, bring me a Coca Cola.

Waiter— Shall I put a stick in it?

Weger— A stick? What do you mean by a stick?

Waiter (in a stage whisper)— I mean do you want a little whiskey in it?

Weger — Oh gee! put a telegraph pole in it.

TABLE NO. 4

There is at college as of yore

A table with the number four.

At this table there are just eight,

Dutch or Irish at every plate.

John Gerwert who is never late

Is always 'side the fullest plate;

And next is Johnny Kuhn so small

With Hopes to be some day quite tall.

And Fritz Reinwand, our 'Snapshot Bill'

Sure likes to eat, so says quite nil.

At the other end you will find

A Kentuckian with a keen mind.

Then there's Alex. Koenig the Great

Who likes to pile things on his plate.

The Springfield lad, Paul Fogarty

Is in this crowd of jollity.

To aid the crowd in this I say

Call on John McGahey to play;

And after supper we will go

To Kuntz—where 'tis you know

As all the billiard members do.

And now I've given every name

Of members and their cause for fame.

Hans—16.

Important!

A few timely remarks on last year's crop for the benefit of farmers, by Prof. Schaeper.

The best watermelon crop was to be found on the Rhine, but even those were all green. Most tomatoes had a rather seedy look, while the beans were all unstrung. The entire pepper crop was exceedingly hot this year, this was most probably caused by the extreme y hot weather we had last Octo er. Nearly all the cabbage had the swelled head; in fact, the only strong point to be found was the onion.

LOCALS.

Wigmore (wanting to have a little fun with Deery) — Well, Albert, I hear the boys slough you at the table; I don't see how you manage to keep fleshy.

Deery (calmly) — Oh! you see a little bit goes a great way with me.

General cry, "Water! water! Red has fainted.

Lause — You know quite a bit of German don't you?

Kuntz (modestly) — Oh, I know some.

Lause — What does "Deutschland ueber alles" mean?

Kuntz—It's all over with the Dutch."

Leriger— How many millions has Rockefeller?

Collins—He has as many dollars as I have cents

Leriger — If he has no more sense than that he surely is a pauper.

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